REFUGEES: MEN AS MASSES

—John Cogley

THE

Commonweal

Utopia, Inc.

by Andrew Hacker

Christianity and Colonialism

by Anthony J. Parel

Integration in the South

TWO WOMEN OF KENTUCKY

by LaRue Spiker

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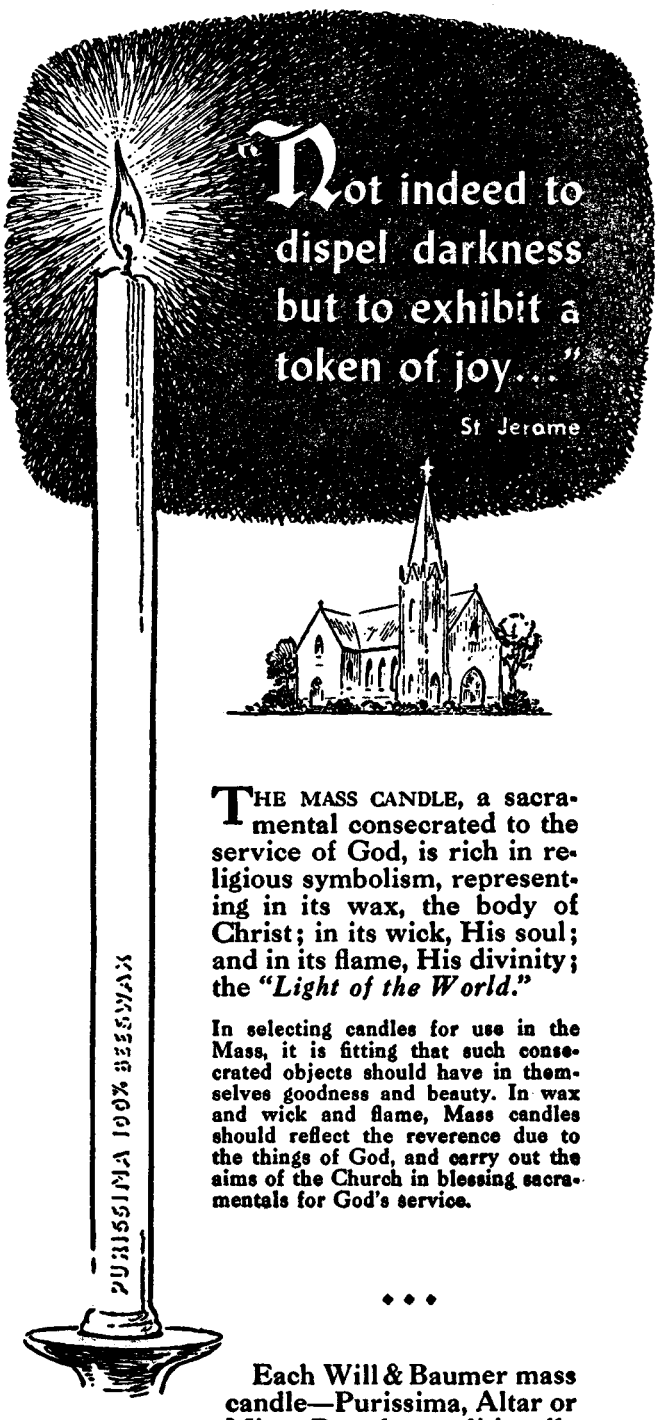

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THE
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A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

MR. EISENHOWER'S SECOND TERM

THE PRESIDENT'S inaugural address was an historic document. "We live in a land of plenty," Mr. Eisenhower said, "but rarely has this earth known such peril as today." The world is divided, and the reason for the division is "international Communism and the power it represents." Mr. Eisenhower therefore began his second term by pledging himself and the nation to the task of building peace with justice. He noted that this is a most difficult task, and one which will come only at a high price. Part of that price, as he saw it, is an end to any lingering hope that America can return to isolationism.

"We recognize and accept," the President said, "our deep involvement in the destiny of men everywhere. . . . No people can live to itself alone. The unity of all who dwell in freedom is their only sure defense. . . . No nation can longer be a fortress, lone and strong and safe. And any people, seeking such shelter for themselves, can build only their own prison."

These words would be brave and forthright, coming from anyone. Coming from a Republican President, and delivered to the nation and the world in the presence of former President Herbert Hoover, prime exponent of the "Fortress America" concept, they were amazing. How amazing they were was indicated by the reactions to his address.

Senate Democratic leader Lyndon Johnson said the President's inaugural address "set forth goals and objectives with which every American will agree." Democratic Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana called it "magnificent." Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, a New Deal Democrat, described the address as "a magnificent statement of America's objectives; a reaffirmation of our dedication to international responsibility; a message directed at diminishing the last vestiges of isolationism."

Reports from Washington indicated that Taft Republicans did not share this enthusiasm for the President's words. They were doing their grumbling only to each other, but New York's *Daily News* probably expressed their sentiments about Mr. Eisenhower's plans when it said: "Better hang on to your wallet, if you can, and thank the Good Lord that Congress isn't yet made up entirely of global spenders." John O'Donnell saw possibilities of the "decline and fall" of the United States because President Eisenhower said we accept the fact of our involvement with men everywhere. Similar sentiments were expressed by other spokesmen for isolationism. But the important point is that such dissenting statements were the exception, not the rule. Isolationism is far from dead in the U. S., but in his inaugural address President Eisenhower delivered it a telling—and necessary—blow. It would be hard to overrate the importance of this fact, for the Republican party, for the nation, and for the world.

MR. EISENHOWER'S address, however, did more than simply state national aspirations and set forth plans for the future. It also provided a striking illustration of certain accomplishments of his first term.

President Eisenhower's personal popularity and public confidence in his leadership have probably never been higher than they are right now. After suffering repeated assaults from the right-wing of his own party during his first two years in office, the President has progressed until he is now more firmly in control of the GOP than he has ever been. His Congressional supporters do not have the stature he might wish, but he himself represents the Republican party in the public mind. He, and not

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Senator McCarthy or Senator Bricker, speaks with what are now taken to be the accents of true Republicanism.

Mr. Eisenhower will be unable to seek a third term, if he wanted it, or even to threaten to seek it if that policy seemed expedient, because of the hate-FDR amendment which bars third terms. Most political commentators believe this fact will cause the President serious trouble in the four years ahead, as various GOP hopefuls jockey for position and as Congress becomes less and less willing to comply with the wishes of an outgoing President. In this diagnosis the experts may be right, although we are not completely convinced. But in any case Mr. Eisenhower clearly begins his second term with advantages he did not have the first time.

The Taft doctrines of Midwestern isolationism are on their way to becoming the GOP heresies, not the central dogmas of the Republican program. The bitterness and national disunity that marked the period shortly before and after the 1952 election have largely disappeared. The President is exercising stronger leadership than he did in his first two years; as a result he has become the master in his own house, and he has to a very large extent succeeded in re-making the public image of what the Republican party is or could be. All this does not mean that Mr. Eisenhower will have no troubles in the very difficult period ahead. But he has made major accomplishments, nonetheless, and they will make the task of winning a peace with justice immeasurably easier to attain.

AMERICA'S SHARE IN RESETTLEMENT

THE CO-AUTHOR of an act of Congress can be presumed to know the intent and meaning of its various provisions. When Representative Walter (Dem.) of Pennsylvania says that the parolee provisions of the Walter-McCarran Act had in view only shipwrecked sailors and others languishing on our very doorstep in a similarly desperate state, there is little one can say. If so, then American immigration authorities have indeed been stretching the law in their efforts to provide a haven for Hungarian refugee families.

But it is another matter when it comes to assessing the result. Mr. Walter has shown himself to have been of two minds in this regard. Toward the end of last year, when he was fresh from a visit to the Austro-Hungarian frontier, he was emphatic in urging Secretary Dulles to interpret this legislation in the most liberal manner possible. In his present phase Representative Walter is primarily fearful of Communist infiltration. He believes that a number in the first contingents welcomed to this country after the uprising were actually Communists fleeing the wrath of their aroused compatriots. He now charges that our authorities sought to bring large numbers here with great speed and would "worry about who has entered the United States—later." The reassurances of a security officer as rigorous as Scott McLeod and the careful screening procedures outlined by Immigration Commissioner Joseph M. Swing have availed little to quiet the fears of Representative Walter.

This is the man before whose immigration subcommittee hearings will take place on the Celler Bill—on some indefinite future occasion. This proposal, like its predecessor last year which had Senator Lehman as co-sponsor, calls for a number of desirable changes. The over-all total of immigrants admitted to the United States would be raised from 154,657 to 250,000 per year. Except that no single nation would be permitted to account for more than fifteen per cent of any of the five categories envisaged (family unification, occupational, refugee, national interest, resettlement), the proposed bill would involve no discrimination by race or national origin.

Without public clamor of unexpected proportions, the likelihood that such a revision will be reported out is slim indeed. It is even doubtful whether Mr. Eisenhower's call for modifications will result in any major change in our highly restrictive immigration policy. Yet, unless the United States does more of its share, conditions in several lands where the pressure on available resources is most acute, and in refugee camps dating back to World War II, will worsen materially. Only one-fortieth of the 240,000 World War II exiles under the mandate of the UN High Commissioner for

NEXT WEEK

WALLACE FOWLIE writes about the poetry of Elizabeth Bishop.

"Elizabeth Bishop's world is opulent, but in the most unexpected and most humble ways. As a poet, she gives order to this opulence. She enumerates it. She stabilizes the shudder, the nerve, the reflection, the pleasure, the irradiation. The vanity of men is sometimes seen in the monuments they erect to commemorate history."

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Refugees were permanently resettled during the past two years.

Meanwhile a new flood of Hungarian exiles has come to deprive of their priority those who have had to wait the longest, and world contributions for resettlement purposes are dropping sharply. When America's ability to produce is considered in conjunction with the high percentage of our land that is arable and our comparatively low population incidence per square mile, the inadequacy of America's role in resettlement can be seen.

A YEAR LATER

IT IS gradually becoming possible to assess the consequences of one of the most amazing documents of history. One year ago this month, Nikita S. Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Communist Party, delivered a report to a closed session of the Party's Twentieth Congress. News of the "secret speech" leaked out, and the world was surprised to hear that Mr. Khrushchev had criticized Stalin in harsh, emotional terms, that he had attempted to replace a myth by a reality. But no advance reports quite prepared one for the document itself, first released for publication by the U.S. State Department on June 4. That terrible document leveled at Joseph Stalin, a man who had been revered and admired as leader of Party and country for decades, a record of brutality and incompetence that was attested to by those who served under him.

Mr. Khrushchev had good reason to tell the Party leaders that "we cannot let this matter get out of the Party, especially not to the press." But he had opened a Pandora's box and the terrible news he had released was soon circulating among the nations of the world. No one, least of all Mr. Khrushchev, could then foresee the consequences of his act, but it set him on a path from which there was no turning back.

The speech marked the beginning of the relaxation which the world enjoyed so briefly. It condemned the brutality which Moscow has since employed when relaxation led to criticism and then revolt. It thus made even Party members aware of the extremes of greater relaxation and greater repression between which the USSR oscillates because it cannot be stable in either. The speech should have prepared our State Department, though it apparently did not, for the unexpected—for the Hungarian revolt which found us ineffective during the brief, critical moments when we might have acted.

What may be most important about this speech, however, is that, in however grisly a fashion, it introduced a human quality into the working of the Communist system. The virtue in the Pandora's box of the report is that it made many realize that the Communist's ideology could not be separated from the men who imposed it or from the men who labored under it. It put to the test the charge, which subsequent events have proved true, that the Soviet system necessitates the brutality upon which it rests its authority. A change in rulers does not itself radically change the system.

And the introduction of the human element reveals again that man cannot be wholly subsumed under any political or economic system. The Poznan rioters wanted not only bread but "Bread and Freedom"; the Hungarian fighters preferred death to the totalitarian tyranny. Though the fate of Communism be worked out in terms of factories, wages, guns and bread, its weakness, its ineradicable flaw, is its attempt to force man's ultimate concerns within material barriers. From this essential weakness flow many of Communism's internal contradictions. It is these contradictions, now being cruelly worked out in Eastern Europe, which were highlighted by the Khrushchev report.

PLEA TO THE WHITE HOUSE

IN THE SOUTH, continued outbursts of violence mark the steps toward racial integration. Negro leaders are still being threatened, and their homes are still being bombed. They have met these attacks with extraordinary courage and steadfastness, but they turn repeatedly, and with increasing need, to President Eisenhower for a word of encouragement, even recognition of their plight. The President continues to be silent.

We have no quarrel with the principle of moderation. President Eisenhower's policy of slow and cautious progress—in almost every area—has its definite advantages. Time *is* a great healer: it has removed almost painlessly the abscess of McCarthyism from the body politic. But real progress results from human effort; it is not automatic and inevitable. Specific human actions—like a Supreme Court decision—must initiate the movements which seem to be the inescapable trends of the times.

Precisely because the President has won from the American people an extraordinary personal respect and trust, because his voice is listened to as one of moderation and good will, he should speak out. He should lend his support—personal, moral sup-

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port as well as official—to men of good will in the South who want to abide by the Supreme Court decision ending segregation in the schools. The President can do what no other American can do, what perhaps no other President could do. He can exert a moral force which is unlimited by particularities of creed, nationality, party or geography. Mr. Eisenhower thus has a unique opportunity and, we think, responsibility—if he will speak to the people of the South—to encourage them in their hour of trial, to help put an end to violence, to hasten the coming of peace and justice in the South.

KASHMIR—DIFFERENT TUNE

EVEN WITH an abundance of good will it is sometimes impossible to reach mutually satisfactory territorial agreements; the treaty-makers of Versailles had many difficulties in applying the principle of self-determination. And the trouble is that in most hotly debated disputes it is precisely good will that is lacking. Kashmir serves as a striking example. Since the days of the British a predominantly Moslem population has had Hindu overlords. India's formalized accession of the area seeks to make that relationship permanent.

Ever since 1948, when armed hostilities between India and Pakistan were brought to a halt, the UN has been vainly trying to stage a plebiscite in Kashmir to determine the wishes of the people. India says the matter is now closed despite an adverse vote in the Security Council, unanimous except for the abstention of Soviet Russia. For a nation that has so long spoken as the champion of colonial peoples and righteous critic of Western colonialism, India now finds itself in a strange position. It may be able to hold onto Kashmir by *force majeure* but its unilateral action has greatly impaired India's moral influence in the councils of the world.

CANDIDATE NIXON

VICE PRESIDENT NIXON is much in the news these days, and there are those who cynically predict that he will remain so until the day in 1960 when he wins—or loses—the nomination as Republican candidate for President.

Mr. Nixon called an unprecedented Vice Presidential press conference on the day of President Eisenhower's inauguration and told reporters of his desire and ability "to make a worthwhile contribution in the high councils of state." He surprised and gratified Congressional liberals a few weeks ago with his judgment that the Senate could amend the procedural regulations which protect the filibuster. Recently he lent his support to Representative Wainwright's proposal that the Congress supply an official Vice Presidential residence, but carefully specified that the home be supplied in 1960, to whoever succeeds him as Vice President.

As first and strongest contender for the Republican Presidential nomination, Mr. Nixon thus continues to assert the importance of the office of Vice President, his own ability in that office, and his fitness for the office of Chief Executive. In the Republican party organization, however, candidate Nixon's path is far from smooth. His late repudiation of Old Guard policies has cost him right-wing support, of course, and his "conversion" is still not wholly accepted by the progressive wing of the party. Harold Stassen acknowledges the Republican landslide of November, but insists that without Mr. Nixon the GOP would have done even better. And that Senator Knowland and others should now identify Mr. Nixon as liberal spokesman and chief enemy of conservative Republicans is, to say the least, ironic. We never thought we'd live to see the day.

A MAN'S WILL

ONCE AGAIN the courts of England have nobly risen to defend the rights of the citizen —even when he acts foolishly. London's Chancery Court recently decided that George Bernard Shaw, who died six years ago at the age of 94, had a perfect right to establish a trust whose object would be the improvement of the English alphabet. "It was Mr. Shaw's money," said the Justice, with admirable common sense. "Why should the law stop him?"

Nor were the obstacles in the way of this decision slight. Not only have Shaw's views on the alphabet and the possibility of revising it been largely discredited by linguists, but his will is not unmistakably clear. The jurist, in fact, said that "perhaps the greatest master of language in this country has produced a document which has puzzled us for days, and I suppose will puzzle us for some more."

It is pleasant to think that G.B.S., who so often had his way when he was alive, even when he alone knew what it was, should continue to have his way now, when not even the Court knows exactly what it is.

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Utopia, Inc.

"WHILE UTOPIAN NOSTRUMS HAVE ALL BUT VANISHED FROM THE POLITICAL SCENE, CORPORATION BLUEPRINTS FOR THE FUTURE CONTAIN THE MOST HALCYON OF DREAMS"

ANDREW HACKER

THE MOST RADICAL element in modern America is to be found in the executive suites of our largest and most respected corporations. While Utopian nostrums have all but vanished from a political scene proudly dedicated to moderation, corporation blueprints for the future contain the most halcyon of dreams. Not that the boards of directors of DuPont, General Electric, and Union Carbide & Carbon have been suddenly inspired by Thomas More's *Utopia*. Indeed, hard-headed vice presidents in charge of production and community relations would be alarmed if they knew that they were being called either radical or Utopian. Yet by their behavior we shall know them. And policies that seem to be no more than good business to one man can have unanticipated and far-reaching consequences for our entire society.

Underlying the Utopian mentality are two presuppositions: one concerns the character of society, the other the nature of man. To the Utopian, first of all, there is no reason why a community cannot progress until it reaches the zenith of productiveness, organization, and happiness. For Utopia is a place without problems: waste is eliminated; all behavior is geared to the performance of necessary functions. Competitive instincts are channelled and cooperative activity is enjoyed by all. Power is non-existent, for all men act so that the interest of the community happily coincides with their own self-interest. Hence every person naturally refrains from injuring every other, and the need for sanctions is completely obviated. All members of a Utopia agree on basic principles—in fact, on all principles—so that policy-makers are not the wielders of power, but merely the draughtsmen for the already agreed-upon General Will.

But underlying even these premises about the Utopian society is an assumption about man's nature. While admitting that man is by no means perfect in the world of today, Utopians claim he can be made perfect. Some would say, following Rousseau and William Morris, that man is naturally good and has been corrupted by evil institutions. Others, agreeing with Robert Owen and Edward Bellamy, would assert that man is not naturally anything, but that he is infinitely malleable. The first brand of Utopian would set man free by abolishing current schemes of social and economic organization; the second would establish a new social matrix so that the would-be citizens of Utopia might be fitted for residence in the perfect world of the future. But what joins Utopians of both camps together is the bland assumption that all men—by their own natural efforts or that of others—can be made perfect. No evidence of the evil in man drawn from the past can dissuade the Utopian. For he is engaged on creating a vision of the future. He rejects the doctrine of Original Sin, for in his Utopia all men will be all good. What *is* will coincide with what *ought to be*. Personal guilt, frustrations and anxieties, unhappiness and maladjustments—all of these will disappear because all men will do the right thing at all times because they know and follow the right road. These assumptions about man and society, though unvoiced, are more than apparent in the actions and ideas of today's and tomorrow's managers of our economy.

THERE IS little doubt that the significant turn to the Utopian road was made in September of 1929 in the town of Hawthorne, a suburb of Chicago. Experiments were being conducted on the effects of lighting on productivity in the Western Electric plant. A group of girls were put in a special room, where they worked under varying degrees of light to see if illumination could be correlated with productivity. But even as the wattage dipped experimentally to virtual darkness, the production rate continued to rise. Finally the observers concluded—momentously—that the increasing output of work had nothing to do with the lighting. The girls were happy. And they were happy because they were being observed. For once in their work lives, they were regarded as being important. Their feeling of self-esteem rose, and with this productivity jumped. This simple fact—the connection between psychological satisfaction and increased service to the corporation—turned industrial thinking onto

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a new path. Since that day there has been no turning back.

At the Harvard Business School, teachers such as Elton Mayo, Fritz J. Roethlisberger, T. North Whitehead, and Chester I. Barnard began to impart this new message to the budding managers who sat in their classrooms. The American Management Association took up the crusade on a wider front. And every writer and editor in the business field soon had to acknowledge that the happy worker is the productive worker, and that happiness is as much a psychological as it is a wage-packet phenomenon. In short, the expert in "human relations" gained admission to the executive suite alongside the cost-accountant and the production manager.

The practical effect of this new development was a whole new personnel program. Company after company began to cater to the newly-discovered needs of their employees. No longer were security benefits either refused or grudgingly conceded after bitter negotiations with the union. More and more firms have discovered that taking such initiative pays well. Examples of such investments in human resources are found any day in the business sections of magazines and newspapers. Companies cheerfully provide employees with group life insurance, retirement annuities, medical services, low-interest loans, and a host of similar services. The entire function of such a program is to create a feeling of economic security, and thereby to lay the basis for a happy life.

BUT THIS IS only a beginning. The new industrial relations experts realize that men do not live by bread alone. Hence the enlightened firm attempts to provide peace of mind. At DuPont, according

to an article in *Collier's* a few years ago, the company "took on a psychiatrist much as it would take on an experimental physicist or a research chemist." His job is to gain the confidence of employees, to eradicate "ideas of unreality" and similar neurotic symptoms, and to help them make "a good social adjustment." One might inquire: adjustment to what? But at DuPont there is no such problem. For mental health means adjustment to life at DuPont. From such simple nostrums as vacation with pay to more sophisticated techniques like psychiatric treatment, companies are seeking to create an industrial worker who is economically secure, happy in his job, and adjusted to his place of work.

Yet such a citizen-worker must have a community in which to live. There is no point in creating Utopian men if there is to be no Utopia in which they can reside. This aspect is not being neglected. For a community involves much more than a forty-hour week in the factory; it must provide satisfaction for a man's entire existence. International Business Machines has built country clubs for its employees, and membership is open to all—regardless of rank—for the token sum of one dollar per year. There are twenty-six different activities provided, one for every taste. The clubs provide swimming pools, bowling, eighteen-hole golf courses, softball, tennis, and picnics and parties of all kinds. One is a member of the I. B. M. Community as he lobs a serve or chases the ants from the picnic table. But even with such provision, there is a possibility that an employee will have a disorganized home life. If his whole existence can be situated within the corporation community, then the chances are good that he will be completely contented. New Cuyama, California, did not exist until the Richfield Oil Corporation struck oil there eight years ago. Richfield proceeded not only to sell 201 model homes (at cost) to its employees, but also put up a shopping center. Furthermore, the corporation provided a $75,000 community hall, a $250,000 motel-restaurant, a $20,000 playground, and land for new churches and a million-and-a-half dollar high school. This, certainly, is a good beginning.

A beginning for what? The answer must be categorical: for a new industrial Utopia, in which the corporate employee is given no option other than to be treated as an entity that is capable of perfection. From retirement plans to shopping centers, from country clubs to psychiatrists, he is to be provided for on every front. Most important, he is not only economically secure: he is psychologically adjusted to, and socially compatible with, his fellow citizens in the corporation community. He is a happy man, a participating man, and, perhaps most significant, he feels freer than he ever felt before.

WHAT WE HAVE, then, is a radical movement in our society. From economic man we have moved to the socially and psychologically adjusted man; from the independent spirit we have moved to a willing dependency on an organization; from the aggregate of citizens we have moved to a managed community of corporation men. This new Utopia is not the product of philosophical treatises. It has been brought about by hard-headed executives who are concerned, first and foremost, with the productivity of their enterprises and not with consequences they cannot be expected to explore.

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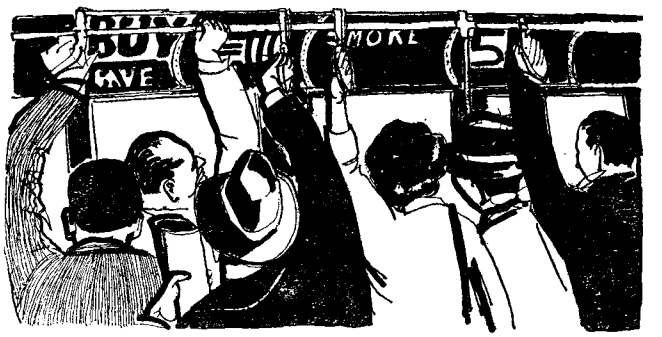
There are businessmen, of course, who eschew Utopia. The owners of middle-sized companies who congregate at the N. A. M. conferences tend to regard human relations as coddling and new-fangled nonsense. But the young men of business, especially those who pass in increasing numbers through our business schools, are imbued with the new thinking. They realize that happiness pays—both the worker and the company. Nor do the intellectual critics, who are loud and long in their laments, persuade them otherwise. Men such as Peter Drucker, the author and management consultant; William H. Whyte, Jr. and Daniel Bell of *Fortune* magazine; and C. Wright Mills, the Columbia sociologist, have all attacked the philosophy of human relations and the practices of large corporations. Yet these critiques have been entirely ethical in their character. Whyte, in his *The Organization Man,* deplores the disappearance of the Protestant ethic and the self-reliant spirit. But neither he nor his fellow-thinkers show that the new science of social and psychological contentment fails to work. They object, they say, because this is the manipulation of man by man, or the adjustment of men to machines.

Yet such critics neglect the very motive forces which lead some men to create Utopias and which lead other men to long to live in them. For the Utopian life is aspired to because of its material and psychological benefits. Indeed, men are willing to turn their moral codes upside-down if they believe they have found a mechanism that promises to perform new wonders. The morality of Utopia is to be found in its very operation: it creates its own ethic. The Corporation community is increasingly filling needs felt by millions of Americans, the needs for self-esteem, for economic security, for a congenial social surrounding, and for a sense of belonging—needs which are not being met in our society. It is of small avail to exhort the citizen of Utopia to abandon his happy life and to stand on his own two feet. The right to suffer is not one of the new freedoms that modern man is striving for.

IT IS WELL, therefore, to ask, "What is the future of Utopia?" Is it limitless—perpetual heaven on earth? Here the reply must be clear. Vilfredo Pareto, the Italian sociologist, improved on Machiavelli in a way which is relevant. The Florentine had advised his Prince to be both a Lion and a Fox: to utilize both force and cunning in his efforts to rule his subjects. Pareto pointed out, however, that most rulers are either Lions or Foxes, and that few men in this world can successfully combine the qualities of the two. Furthermore, Pareto continued, it is really useless to counsel Princes. Whether a Lion or a Fox shall rule rests on the conditions of the time, and not on the acuteness of a particular leader. Following Pareto, then, we can say that we live in the midst of an industrial age made for Foxes. The rulers of our corporations are social engineers who devise sophisticated plans for achieving the happiness of their subjects. These Utopian schemes meet the needs of modern men; and there is small doubt that they will do this for several decades to come.



But can these Utopian communities survive the imperatives of new circumstances? Can the citizen of Utopia, as an individual, meet new and unpredicted problems? Like all Utopias, the societies we see in our midst are static. They rest on peace, prosperity, and stability. The corporation man is adjusted, to be sure; but he is adjusted only to the needs of the present. The time will come, as it always has, when man will need new concepts, new institutions and when crises now unheard of will have to be faced. The premium will then be on the force of individual personality and an impatience with complacent schemes for social stability.

The difficulty with Utopia lies in its view of man. The individual can only be regarded as perfectible if the standard for perfection remains constant. But if citizenship in the DuPont community spells perfection, then what will happen to Utopia when DuPont goes the way of the East India Company? Secular institutions rise and fall, but man goes on. The corporation Utopia may seem today to be solidly rooted in the permanent psychological and social needs of men. But the historian of the future will laugh at the arrogance of the executive suite Utopians who thought they had solved the problems of man and his society by building country clubs and hiring psychiatrists.

AN APPEAL

Jacques Maritain writes: "May I take the liberty of having recourse once again to the charity of your readers for a French convent in distress? I have received an S.O.S. from the Mother Prior of the Carmelites of Pamiers. The roof of their house has crumbled and they don't have a penny to make the necessary repairs. If some of The Commonweal's readers care to help them, contributions could be sent to: Sister Marie Madeleine de St. Joseph, Carmel de Pamiers, 4 Place Mercadal, Pamiers (Ariège), France."

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Christianity and Colonialism

ANTHONY J. PAREL

IT IS often alleged that poverty and illiteracy have been the chief obstacles to the spreading of Christianity in Asia and Africa. Conceding that this is true of the lower classes, the question remains: what prevents the educated from accepting Christianity? The failure of Christianity, or more correctly, the failure of Christians to influence the pagan intelligentsia points to the existence of problems that are far more substantial than poverty or illiteracy. These problems are complex, and involve political, social, philosophical and, of course, theological issues.

First of all, it must be remembered that Christianity has a double significance in Asia and Africa: the personal and the social or cultural. On the personal level Christianity signifies the meeting of two persons, the missionary and the pagan. Conversion in this situation becomes, more or less, a private matter. The factors that contribute to the success or failure of conversion will depend mainly on the nature of the personal relationship.

On the larger plane Christianity involves the meeting of two groups, two cultures, two ways of life, and until very recently, for better or for worse, it has come to mean the meeting of the Western and the non-Western ways of life.

Now, as we know, society can and does exert its pressure on its members. The individual is conditioned, perhaps even unconsciously, by the hundred and one influences, good or bad, of the society to which he belongs. What then has been the cultural or social pressure which pagan societies in Asia and Africa have been exerting on their members in relation to Christianity?

The answer to this question lies, in great measure, in understanding the real impact of colonialism on non-Western societies. The most vital contact which the pagan world had with the Christian world came, not through complete Christians, but unfortunately, through the colonizers. The colonial regimes of the Western powers in the mission countries have created a strained social relationship, not only between the East and the West, but what is more tragic, between Christians and non-Christians. The ideology behind much of colonialism—that of the master race carrying the "white man's burden," not to speak of the lust for wealth—has made Christianity appear in pagan consciousness in an altogether unfavorable light. It made the ideology of the missionary, if not somewhat incomprehensible, at least ineffective to many pagans. Consequently, the social aspect of Christianity has tended to vitiate the personal relationship of the missionary and the pagan.

THIS IDENTIFICATION of Christianity with Western culture, and the subsequent evaluation of it based largely on the impressions created by the colonizer, is the strongest single emotional barrier to the conversion of the pagan intelligentsia. In his day St. Francis Xavier, in spite of his tremendous success, bewailed the humiliating contrast that Christians, the Portugese soldiers and colonists, presented to his teaching. In the succeeding centuries this spectacle has lost none of its humiliating aspects, but has only deepened the chasm between Christianity and the pagan world.

In this light we may realize the obstacles offered by colonialism to the cause of Christianity. If *Pax Romana* is supposed to have spread the way for Christianity in the West, could the same be said of *Pax Brittanica* or *Franca* and Christianity in the East? In the early centuries the decadent, pre-Christian morality made Christianity more acceptable. But in our own time a man like Gandhi, for example, could hardly be impressed by the international policies of nations reputed to be Christian. In addition, there is a feeling of superiority prevalent among the Hindus and the Buddhists which makes them treat the ordinary Christian as an inferior being. With a superficial knowledge of Christians and Christianity, and often even without that, they tend to regard Christians with a lofty contempt.

While colonialism helped to create a tense emotional atmosphere, the intellectual attitude of a certain type of missionary toward pagan cultures and philosophies created an intellectual or philosophical barrier. There was a narrowness of vision the harmful effect of which was the misrepresentation of the true nature of Christianity's transcendence. It is no exaggeration to say that with the notable exception of DeNobili and his school in India, and of Ricci, Schall and their school in China, the Christian approach to Eastern cultures and philosophies has generally been less than constructive.

The most important thing the missionary must grasp is the meaning of the "natural order" as it is found in

Mr. Parel, a Jesuit scholastic and himself a native of India, has contributed to The Commonweal on several previous occasions.

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paganism. Mere knowledge of the catechism or of the Western expressions of Christianity does not necessarily produce this other knowledge. The specific intellectual training of the missionary would seem to consist in the grasp of how super-nature can be adapted to nature: how the one can elevate, integrate, save, and not destroy the other. It was this intellectual preparation that missionaries so often seemed to lack. For most of them —and we are speaking of missionaries in general, Catholic and Protestant—the only standard of Christianity was the Western expression of Christianity, just as for the colonizer the only criterion of cultural value was that of Western civilization. It appeared as though "nature" in the pagan world did not exist, or if it did, did not count, philosophically. But as the Jesuit theologian Yves de Montcheuil observes: "One would have a poor understanding of the transcendence of Christianity if he thought that it obliged him to find no religious values outside the Christian revelation and the Catholic Church. Such an *a priori* would give a wrong orientation to the missionary effort."

THAT THIS narrow view was never the official mission policy of the Catholic Church is attested to by the bold attempts of DeNobili in India and Ricci and others in China. They realized that a profound learning and appreciation of the Indian and Chinese philosophies and cultures were necessary for the missionary. But the narrow mentality of individual Christians in their own day, the suppression of the Jesuits, and the disputes among the religious orders put an end to that novel experiment. As Archbishop Roberts, himself an Englishman and the former Bishop of Bombay, wrote several years ago: "The East might be largely Christian today if representations made by Jesuit missionaries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had been received in Rome by people with only a fraction of their zeal and competence. . . . Had Gregory the Great been on the papal throne to give such instruction as England was blessed with in the mission of the first Benedictine monks, there might have been no war in Korea, no Communist menace in the East." These remarks underline the great truth of presupposing nature rather than ignoring it. As often as the truth of cultural and philosophic synthesis has been forgotten, a wall has arisen between Christianity and the pagan intellectual world.

This ignoring of pagan philosophies and cultures is taken by the pagan mind as fanaticism or ignorance on the part of the missionary. Such an attitude, moreover, puts the pagan in a defensive mood. His preoccupation becomes defense of his position, a defense merely because there is an attack. Hence, he fails to examine his own position and that of Christianity objectively. Men like Gandhi or Radhakrishnan could altogether misunderstand Christianity's transcendence, read the Christian message amiss, and attempt to show that Christianity is no different in essentials from Hindusim or any other world religion. In Radhakrishnan, India's Vice-President, a former Oxford professor and widely acknowledged authority on Hindu philosophy, we have, so to speak, the very embodiment of this defensive attitude. He is the product of a Christian education in Protestant schools. But his contact with Christianity did not produce the intellectual climate in which he could recognize Christianity's true nature. In a reminiscent mood he writes: "I became familiar (in Christian schools) not only with the teachings of the New Testament but with criticisms leveled by Christian missionaries at Hindu beliefs and practices. My pride as a Hindu was deeply hurt by the treatment accorded to Hinduism in missionary institutions. It was difficult for me to concede that Hindu ascetics and teachers . . . were not truly religious." This defensive attitude is characteristic of the majority of intellectual leaders in the mission countries.

THERE IS still another source of intellectual difficulty for the pagan, Liberal Protestantism, which affirms, generally, that Christ was just like any other religious leader of antiquity, and that divinity was merely ascribed to Him by Christian piety. Nothing is more welcome than this to the defenders of the pagan religions. If Christ is no more divine than Buddha in Buddhism or Krishna in Hinduism, it follows directly that Christianity is no more absolute than either Buddhism or Hinduism. Hence, conversion from one religion to another is unnecessary, if not impossible. What mankind needs today, these pagan intellectuals maintain, is not a better religion (where none exists) but a better religious life. Or as Gandhi so consistently maintained, a Hindu has only to be a better Hindu, a Christian a better Christian, a Moslem a better Moslem.

There is, finally, the spectacle of a divided Christendom, which presents one of the most formidable intellectual barriers to the pagan. The churches have become a veritable sign of contradiction and a stumbling block to many non-Christians. They not only poke fun at this array of churches, but often engage in the game of playing one church against another. Perhaps it is in the Missions that we see the most far-reaching effects of the Reformation.

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These are some of the difficulties that confront the Christian missionary on the contemporary scene. The missionary today, as always, is in need of material support; but the need for spiritual support is even more desperate. This spiritual support can be given in various ways: by the fuller Christianization of the private, public and international aspects of the life of Christians, by the return to unity of the separated churches, and by a greater intellectual sympathy for Eastern cultures and philosophies. For the missionary is looked upon not only as the herald of Christ, but as the cultural representative of Christians as well; the cross that he shoulders is not only the Cross of Christ, but all the scandals and shortcomings in our Christian life.

INTEGRATION IN THE SOUTH

Two Women of Kentucky

LaRUE SPIKER

THIS IS the story of two women. They had never met—never would, perhaps, at least for a long time. Yet they stood together against a hostile world and bridged a gap of loneliness with their courage.

Autumn had scarcely touched the hills and bottomlands of western Kentucky. Each woman had known many such an autumn, both having been born and bred here. The days begin to shorten. A crispness in the air drives away the debilitating heat of summer. Here and there red and yellow touch the foliage. The world turns uneasily toward the autumn equinox.

But this fall was destined to be different. Two and one-half years before in Washington nine strangers made a decision regarding public education. The Supreme Court Justices had never heard of Louise Gordon and Margaret Meazles, but their decision created a situation which tapped a hidden reservoir in each woman.

Neither woman is unique nor in need of explanation. Yet they are important, for together they point the path by which our Southland will solve its Number One problem.

The situation they both faced arose in Clay, Kentucky when school opened this year. These are the bare facts:

9/7/56, Friday. Mrs. Louise Gordon and her two children, James, age 10, and Theresa, 8, drove to the county consolidated school in Clay where the children wanted to enroll. A short distance from the school their path was blocked by a mob of 150 angry people, and they had to turn back. All the people in the mob were white. Heretofore, only white children had attended the school in Clay. Mrs. Gordon and her children are Negro.

9/10/56, Monday. Mrs. Gordon and the children again drove to school, and they were again met by a mob, the town's mayor among them. The people closed about the car and began to "rock" it. One woman beat on the vehicle with her fists and cut her hand. Finally the town policeman told Mrs. Gordon she had better leave.

9/12/56, Wednesday. The National Guard entered Clay under order from the Governor. Guardsmen escorted James and Theresa through a jeering, hostile mob of 250. By the end of the morning all 590 pupils had left the building except four children named Meazles. Their mother, Margaret Meazles, had ordered them to stay put. A petition asking the seventeen teachers to join the boycott was circulated among the townspeople.

9/13/56, Thursday. Student boycott of the school 100% effective; a relative tricked the Meazles children into leaving the school against their mother's will. Four teachers were absent, but the principal and twelve others remained at their posts. The Kentucky Attorney General ruled that the Negro children had no right to enroll in the school because the county board of education had made no plan for integration.

9/14/56, Monday. Mrs. Irene Powell, school principal, met Mrs. Gordon and the two children on the front steps of the school and read to them an order from the county board of Education barring admission of Negro children.

AS LOUISE Gordon turned away from the school, her shoulders were straight, and there was a quiet smile on her lips. Later she said: "I knew deep down inside my heart I had won the victory."

History inches on the feet of little people, and to understand it bare facts must be clothed with human flesh and vitalized with the stuff of human dreams and

LaRue Spiker herself lives in Kentucky. This is her first article in The Commonweal.

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human passions. So we turned off the highway to find them. We drove cautiously, for the street left much to be desired. The ruts and gullies had washed deep into the naked clay. We drove slowly past forlorn little houses with ragged littered yards to the end of the street where the Gordon cottage stood spruce and green. The yard was clean but barren as if it belonged to prideful folk who had little time for planting. The door was securely padlocked, and no sound issued from the house.

Disappointed, we turned to leave but were stopped by a tiny ancient woman who stepped away from the house next door. The Gordons were out of town, looking for work, she said.

"So much trouble lately," she explained hesitantly. Obviously white people coming to the Gordon home were no portent of good.

When she was convinced that we were friendly, she relaxed visibly. She was Mrs. Gordon's mother. She would take us to the home of her other daughter, Mrs. Porter, who could reach Mrs. Gordon.

We climbed into the car, crept back down the rutted street, and drove down the highway to another little green house. There Mrs. Porter, a brisk middle-aged woman, telephoned a guarded and urgent message for her sister to come immediately. The message was guarded, because phones have been tapped recently, and urgent, because friends have been scarce. Louise Gordon and her husband, James, were there within minutes, breathless and anxious. So many guarded phone calls, so many threats and so much hate. The children . . . the house. . . .

Something happens when Louise Gordon enters a room. Something that is related to her energy and the directness of her clear dark eyes, the proud carriage of her head and her straight tense body. Something that arises from her clipped speech and the vigorous resonance of her voice. Something out of the spirit and fire of a decisive mind. I think you would always be conscious of Louise Gordon's presence.

When she learned our errand, her shoulders slumped for a moment.

"I've no more tears for weeping," she sighed. It was the only time we saw any reflection of the hours of grief and confusion, of the terror and doubt that must have crowded her life in the past days.

In the South, reaction against the Negro who forgets "his place" can be quick and passionate. The unidentified voices over the phone had meant what they said. She had quite literally felt the breath of an angry mob on her neck. Many of her Negro friends had shunned her and turned away. The Negro has learned to handle the white man, sometimes by pretending to share in the belief of white superiority. One woman's denial of that pretense might well bring reprisals against all of them.

For over an hour we talked with her and her family, exploring the problems that had arisen, learning why Louise Gordon had acted as she did, trying to grasp the source of her courage.

"My son led the way," she smiled. "We were watching television, and they said something about school starting soon. He turned to me and said: 'Mother, why can't we go to school in Clay this year?' They've been talking about it a long time now, you know. It swept all over me then. 'You shall,' I told him."

She paused and smiled, remembering the children's pleasure.

"They were really bug-eyed about that school. The fine building and the big rooms. For a quarter they got meat, potatoes, a vegetable, and *milk* for lunch. They never came home hungry. And it's only a few minutes' ride from here."

Her mind swept back over the eleven years she herself had spent in the Rosenwald School for Colored in Providence, nine miles away. The tiny inadequate rooms, the nonexistent equipment, a curriculum that does not educate, for lunch a hot dog and soft drink for a quarter, the hours on the school bus as it meandered all over the county picking up the children. The school day for some children attending Rosenwald extends from daylight to dark because of the distance the bus must travel, and there are no shelters in which they can wait.

"I'm tired of scrubbing other people's floors." Mrs. Gordon raised her chin, and anger glinted deep in her eyes. "I want my children to have a better life. They can't get better jobs without an education. They can't learn anything at Rosenwald. I know; I went there."

THE DREAM of a better life for your children is a common dream in Kentucky. I have heard white workers and farm laborers wish fervently for it too. It is a dream shared by black and white alike without either realizing the other shares the hope. It is something more than a dream of a pleasant job and material comfort. It is a dream, a demand for human dignity.

The men and women in the mob at Clay were frightened men and women. Always in the past, no matter what their work nor how they lived, they never quite hit rock bottom because their skins were white. They were shocked into violence by the suggestion that they might be deprived of a last thin comfort in lives already too little enriched by a demonstrable sense of dignity.

Yet even here in Clay, where no voice was raised against it, the mob never numbered more than two hundred and fifty in a school community of many thousands. America must note that fact. There were

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thousands who were not propelled to violence by Louise Gordon's declaration of an equal right to human dignity.

Irene Powell, for example, the school principal, stuck to her post despite pressure from the townspeople with whom she had grown up. This woman with haughty carriage and the soft reserved speech of the Southern white woman born to status, apologized when she faced Mrs. Gordon on the school steps. "I'm sorry I have to tell you this. . . ." The Gordon children were pleasant, intelligent—children, you feel, she would have enjoyed teaching.

Then, too, you must remember Margaret Meazles—the only woman whose children had stayed in the school after the Negro children came.

As we left Mrs. Gordon to look for the Meazles' home, the entire family were urgent that we carry their warmest greetings to Mrs. Meazles. They had heard that her husband had left her and that she and the children were hungry. They were worried about her and would have sent food, but they didn't dare get in touch with her directly fearing that it would get her into further trouble.

As we took the highway through the seedy little town of Clay, we wondered. An elderly woman, kind of face and dressed in a painfully clean house dress, walked slowly down the street. A middle-aged workingman leaned idly against one of the poles supporting the awning over the walk in front of a store. His rugged features were open and good-natured. Could one of these have been in the mob? What well-springs of evil lay hidden within these quiet people?

WE TURNED off the highway onto a road winding through a valley. The broomsedge in the deserted fields was turning softly red. The rising hills bore scrubby oak, and erosion had bitten deep into the living clay. We passed scattered houses—poorly kept.

Our way led off the blacktop onto gravel, climbing steeply, and turned onto a lane newly cut through the woods. For years a lane had led to the Meazles' home across another man's land. During the school boycott he had strung a wire across it blocking the way. A new lane had to be cut.

Mr. Meazles was there when we arrived. He hadn't left his wife, but he had forbidden her to send the children back to school as long as the Gordon children were there. He obviously had no taste for our errand and left the room soon after we came.

Mrs. Meazles appears no different from the other women in the community, and there is no reason why she should. She was born and raised there. Her home is no different except that it is perched on top of a hill with a million-dollar view over the valley. The interior is clean and humbly furnished, like most homes in rural Kentucky—with one difference. There are two large bookcases filled with books.

Mrs. Meazles does not know how she arrived at the conclusion that the Gordon children have as much right as her own to attend the school in Clay. She remembers that when riding home from Indiana the bus driver would gruffly order the Negro passengers into the back as soon as they reached the Ohio River. To her, there seemed something wrong about this. On another trip she remembers a young Negro in a U.S. Air Force uniform, who wondered aloud about equal rights to die for one's country without equal rights to share in the benefits of democracy at home. There was a good deal of justice in his question, she thought. Death is color blind.

Margaret Meazles honestly does not know what led her to take her position, but there it is. She met the threats and insults of the mob with the same idiom in which they were given. It is the only idiom she knows. She met the pressures and disapproval of her family and relatives with defiance—not defensively but with a defiance born of annoyance at their stupidity and cruelty.

She must have felt pretty much alone for a time. The only people who gave her approval were her priest and the nuns who teach in the Catholic school. Both the church and school are located in a neighboring county. Mrs. Meazles is a convert.

She wrote the mayor of Clay and the School Board setting forth her belief in the right of the Gordon children to attend school and politely suggested that the constituted authorities had some responsibility for upholding the law. None of her letters was ever acknowledged.

She is a little proud of herself, as she has good reason to be. However, I think her heart may not be so far ahead of many of the people in Clay as she thinks, but that is another story and but faintly indicated at the moment. Certainly she is far ahead of them in courage and straight thinking.

In the meantime, she and Louise Gordon have demonstrated a fact. Courage penetrates brightly through the fog of loneliness raised by fear and confusion.

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REFUGEES: MEN AS MASSES

IN THE late thirties the first European refugees began to appear in the United States. There was something faintly glamorous about the word then. People with charming foreign accents would appear at conferences and cocktail parties and be introduced proudly as German refugees.

After the Nazis moved against France there were pictures in the papers and newsreels of homeless Frenchmen clogging the roads in a wild search for safety. Who will ever forget those pictures, the little wagons carrying feather beds, bird cages, overblown photographs, all the crazy sentimental teddy bears frightened people clutch to in the dark night of the soul? These refugees were ordinary people from the cities, towns and countryside of France. But in a mass of refugees everyone looks like a peasant, so they were no longer individually glamorous.

It was our first experience with masses of people escaping the totalitarian wrath, and there was poignancy in seeing so many homeless people huddled together. Americans were deeply touched by the plight of the French and many cried in the dark when these newsreel pictures were shown. But slowly we started getting used to great numbers of people escaping blindly from the horrible to the unknown.

As the war progressed pictures of people in mass escape from some horror or other became commonplace. We no longer wept when we saw them. We grew tougher, more prepared for life in the twentieth century. Refugees seemed to be everywhere. Sometimes they were escaping the bombs of the Axis, sometimes Allied bombs—but for years the roads of Europe and the Orient were crowded with them.

And so it went on and on, and it still goes on. By the end of the war a new profession had been developed. Today there are people who have spent most of their adult lives "processing" refugees of one kind or another. They have dealt with war victims, displaced persons, Iron Curtain escapees, Koreans, Chinese, Arabs, Kashmiri, the American Japanese. Now they must give their attention to the Hungarians and to the Jews expelled by Nasser. A year from today, two years from now, it will be some other group. Families now living quietly and peacefully in their own homes will be huddled desperately in a camp somewhere wondering what tomorrow will bring.

Individual refugees, like those first intellectuals from Germany, have probably always existed. There have always been men who hated their government or whose government hated them. But the mass expulsion is the special shame of our generation, the age of the ideologue who judges men not as individuals but only as part of the whole, be it a race, a class, a nation, an ethnic group, a religion or an organization.

People were sent to concentration camps and often to their deaths in Hitler's Germany simply because they were members of an "inferior" race. In Communist countries people have been sentenced to similar fates because they were identified with the class-enemy. In the United States itself the West Coast Japanese were banished to detention camps during the war years. In the latest outrage Egypt has banished all who call themselves Jews, whatever their personal position on the Israel-Arab struggle. In Israel not long ago the Prime Minister shamefacedly acknowledged that his security police had wantonly killed a sizeable number of innocent and helpless Israeli Arabs.

Perhaps when the political history of our age is only a bad memory, men will try to locate its essential evil. I would not be surprised to learn that it was found in this madness of judging human beings by labels.

The evil of Nazism was expressed most monstrously in its racial theories. The class-war doctrines of the Communists have been used to justify every manner of wickedness. On an infinitely smaller scale, what anguish has been wrought in the land of the free by judging people according to the color of their skin, their nationality, their religion or as members of questionable groups they may once have innocently joined. But, for all our sins, we still recognize prejudice for what it is. We do not sanctify it.

The mass-judgment, though, lurks in all the ideologies, sanctified as simple prejudice never was. It is one thing to say, as our forefathers often did, that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, or that the Japanese are sneaky, or that the Irish are naturally dim-witted; it is something else again to prop up such judgments with the pseudo-science or phony mysticism of an all-embracing idea.

Americans, thank God, do not live by ideology. We may prefer capitalism but we do not place Norman Thomas outside the pale. We are a religious people but we do not look on the atheist or the agnostic as the enemy in our midst. America is essentially an idea, but it is an idea that explains America, not the whole universe. We are left free to explain the universe, each of us, as best we can individually.

As long as this notion of America is kept sacred, there will be no American refugees. As long as this notion is kept sacred, we will not completely forget what much of the world seems to have forgotten—that though men are expelled in the mass they suffer one by one.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE SCREEN

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT OEDIPUS?

NO DOUBT Jerome Weidman started out with a good idea when he wrote the script for "Slander"—to show what the publisher and staff of a scandal magazine are like, and to show how a family might be the victims of an article in such an infamous publication. But after its good start, the movie becomes such an obvious melodrama that it almost dissipates its strong argument against scandal-mongering magazines and their readers.

Steven Cochran plays the publisher with a cocky swagger and with an evil glint in his eye. In his office is the slogan: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." But he seems to have no understanding of the fact that some truths are better not revealed; and he is certain that if he digs deeply enough he can find something rotten about every person. Most of his writers and researchers have a beat-up appearance and something shady in their own past, so they are anxious to hit back at the world. "Slander" never lets us forget that the publisher of this magazine, called "Real Truth," has built up a circulation of five million in two years and is interested in money, power and his mother. His interest in money, power and mother (mother is played by Marjorie Rambeau) is mainly an extenuation of self without many Freudian explanations.

The family hurt by Cochran and his magazine are played by Van Johnson, a puppeteer who has struggled for years for recognition and has now gotten a good contract on TV with a breakfast-food program for children; Ann Blyth as his wife; and Richard Eyer as their son. The publisher, in digging around for a story on a famous actress for an especially juicy issue he is getting out, discovers that the actress once knew Van Johnson and that Van served a prison term in his youth for an armed robbery. The publisher threatens to use an article on Van's past unless Van reveals an episode in the actress' past. Van refuses in spite of the pleas from his wife and his agent (Harold J. Stone). By the time the article appears, his wife has left him, and shortly thereafter he is dropped from his TV program.

It must have dawned on Producer Armand Deutsch and Director Roy Rowland that they were stacking the cards in "Slander" instead of making a sincere and straightforward picture about the evils of scandal magazines. It must have dawned on everyone concerned that there was something wrong with this allegedly happy family if Ann could have left Van so easily when he needed her, and that the later scenes showing Van on a public opinion TV program blaming Cochran and his readers for the death of his son were a little silly. No doubt the sensational magazine and their readers deserve to be told off, but the subject should be handled seriously and with solid reasoning. Perhaps "Slander," despite its weaknesses, melodrama and diatribe against the scandal magazines, will reach and convince the audience it's aimed at: the readers of those magazines.

IT WAS unfortunate for the film version of "Oedipus Rex" that it was released shortly after Sophocles' famous play appeared on TV and showed audiences how lively and compelling this classical tragedy could be with a good cast doing Walter Kerr's adaptation of the Dudley Fitts-Robert Fitzgerald translation. The movie, done on the stage by the Stratford (Ontario) Shakespearean Festival Players, uses the William Butler Yeats translation, which has a nice poetic sound but is at times more Irish than Greek. The players read their lines beautifully and it is hardly their fault that the movie is arty and static. Producer Leonid Kipnis and Director Tyrone Guthrie have actually made a filmed play, which restricts their cast to a stage and further limits them through the use of masks. Watching a movie for an hour and a half in which the characters wear masks continuously can get quite tiresome, and the effect is more like that of an exercise or a ritual than a personal tragedy. Kipnis' production, handsomely photographed in Eastman Color, will no doubt be of interest to students and may even hold general audiences for its dramatic story of Oedipus, but this version, with all its artificial aspects, only suggests the possibilities of Sophocles in film.

FOR AUDIENCES who prefer their thrillers untouched by art or psychological undertones (except for a couple of psychopathic villains) there is "Nightfall," a chase film that has plenty of excitement. Long before the picture starts, Aldo Ray has cause to be weary: for some time he has been pursued by a vicious pair (Brian Keith and Rudy Bond) who killed his good friend and left their loot behind in the confusion, and by an insurance investigator (James Gregory) who is also interested in the loot. Scriptwriter Stirling Silliphant reveals this background through flashbacks, and Director Jacques Tourneur makes the most of the chase in the present and the action from the past to add to the suspense. The film gets pretty violent from time to time, but slows up every now then to permit a mild romance between Aldo Ray and a model (Anne Bancroft) who tries to help him escape from the criminals. "Nightfall" is by no means the world's best thriller, but it has its moments, most amusing of which shows Anne running from a fashion show

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dripping as she goes $650 worth of madly glittering sequins.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

THE EGOTISTICAL SUBLIME

I SHALL have nothing to add to the rippling controversy over Mr. Arthur Laurents' new play; my sentiment is with the majority opinion which finds "A Clearing in the Woods" to be a deliquescent fantasy of emotional disorder, touching perhaps in its generous response to private stress, but full of the insistent and fatiguing egotism of its central personage. This creature is another lady in the dark, and Mr. Laurents shuttles about in her consciousness, weaving out of memory, pain and desire the familiar tangled web of wounded sensibility. A fluent time sequence is all that gives Mr. Laurents' play the illusion of audacity: the heroine has three *doppelgangers* who represent her in variously embryonic stages of arrested development. The device is interesting though flossy, and even ambiguous: it did not for some time occur to my companion, a gentleman of considerable wit, that these figures were anything but what they seemed to be—that is, the lady's obnoxious three sisters.

It is a commonplace to observe that the bosky, translucent glade Mr. Oliver Smith has designed for "A Clearing in the Woods" is one of his most accomplished décors or that Feder's mesmeric lighting and Mr. Joseph Anthony's liquid direction provide distinguished theater pleasures. Miss Kim Stanley's virtuoso performance has been much admired, and with justice; she invests what is essentially a phantasm with as much actuality as possible, and her stage presence is full of a constant lyric intensity and shimmer of tone. All of the playing, indeed, is excellent, and Miss Joan Lorring reveals again her notable and undervalued dramatic authority. "A Clearing in the Woods" is gamely resisting the economic disaster of adverse notices, and I wish I could suggest that it might find an audience outside the professional academy. But Mr. Roger Stevens, the producer, discloses what is wrong with the whole enterprise when he asks, apropos the play's theme and technique, "What is a person anyway but a bundle of memories?" Mr. Stevens knows better than this—and so did Mr. Laurents when he wrote that drama of fine moral asperity, "The Time of the Cuckoo"—knows, that is, that one is anchored in time and space as well as in the psyche, and that the tragic forces which command the attention in literature as in life are darker and more potent than the vagrant hoo-hahs of a perpetual bleak morning. (*At the Belasco.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

OF NOTE

CATHOLICS IN PUBLIC OFFICE

IN THE COMMONWEAL of January 4, the editors commented critically on an article in the *Christian Century* of December 12, written by Dr. Roy Pearson of Andover Newton Theological School and called "Catholics in Public Office." Since that time the *Christian Century* itself has printed a reply to Dr. Pearson, written by Dr. John C. Bennett of Union Theological Seminary. Dr. Bennett's article, which appeared in the issue of the *Christian Century* dated January 2, is here reprinted in full:

In his article "Catholics in Public Office" in the December 12 *Christian Century,* Roy Pearson raises an issue which will doubtless be widely debated among American Protestants in the next few years. Dean Pearson is certainly right in stating that a man's religious faith is an important source of his character and convictions. However, one is a little disconcerted by his main thesis. While he leaves the question open to some degree, he conveys the impression that he is very dubious about supporting Roman Catholics for high public office. His arguments would apply not only to the presidency but to the office of legislator on any level.

I fail to detect in Dean Pearson's article any recognition of what a terrible thing it would be for American democracy if it came to be taken for granted among non-Catholics that twenty-five million or more of our citizens should for any reason be denied full opportunity for expression as citizens. The risks that Dean Pearson sees in a Catholic's holding high office may be present to some extent, but if so they are the risks of our pluralistic society, and we must accept them.

There is much evidence that the Roman Catholic laity in this country do not reflect the narrower implications of Catholic doctrine when these are in conflict with important aspects of American democracy, and that they will have a very salutary influence on the attitudes of their church. Will Herberg is quite illuminating in his book *Protestant—Catholic—Jew* when he emphasizes the fact that American Catholics do actually accept, as part of the nature of things, that there should be three faiths among our people, that they accept this reality no more grudgingly than most other Americans do. If Protestants come to take it for granted that Catholics as Catholics are to be distrusted as candidates for high public office, this may well drive the American Catholic laity into the more aggressively "clerical" Catholic camp. It would also

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tend to create the kind of religio-political chasm that has bedeviled Europe.

My most important reason for rejecting some of the implications of Dr. Pearson's article is that it seems to show no understanding of the differences of opinion among Catholics on most important issues concerning which Catholic officeholders must make up their minds. Pearson is worried about the teaching of some Roman Catholic authorities (including Father Ryan in his *Catholic Principles of Politics*) that a very large Catholic majority would be justified in restricting to some extent the religious liberties of non-Catholics. The Roman church world is deeply divided on this question and most American Catholics reject this view. A group of Catholic scholars, of whom Father John Courtney Murray is best known, are working hard to develop a Catholic doctrine of religious liberty which is consistent with the experience and the needs of democratic nations. The results of their thought are widely accepted abroad. This view of religious liberty, which is no mere concession to necessity, is strongly represented by the best American Catholic lay journal, The Commonweal. Recently there was a bitter debate on this issue between some American Catholic leaders and some Spanish bishops, and the pope in a carefully worded statement made full room for the American position. This is one issue on which we can expect the American Catholic laity to side with the more liberal tendencies among the hierarchy.

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On any of the major issues of economic life, of foreign policy, of civil liberties, Catholics in this country are divided as are other Americans. This has been true of McCarthyism. It is true of the problems of the cold war. There is in fact a noticeable difference between the most strident American Catholic form of anticommunism and the more moderate outlook of the Vatican. The Catholics are among the best defenders of the social gains of the New Deal period. Catholics were divided even on the question of our sending an ambassador to the Vatican, and Protestants too were divided on the principles involved.

Dean Pearson greatly exaggerates the practical effect of the Roman doctrine of papal infallibility. The pope does not hand down infallible directives about matters of public policy. When he does speak about such matters he usually leaves room for differences of interpretation, and in any case these utterances are not given the status of infallibility. Indeed it is doubtful if any pope has infallibly claimed or implied infallibility since the dogma of infallibility was proclaimed, except in the case of the dogma of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. Protestants may believe that that was an unfortunate place to begin, but it had nothing to do with public policy.

It is true we shall always have the school problem with us. Even here Protestants can learn something from the dialogue with Catholics because of the Catholics' basic criticism of the idea that the state is the educator. They emphasize the rights of parents, and in this there is an understanding of one phase of religious liberty which Protestants might lose without knowing it until it was too late. Protestants may always see the priests behind the Catholic parents, but this is no more objectionable than for Protestants to fail to make distinctions between the responsibility of the state and the responsibility of parents, influenced by their membership in the church, for the education of their children. We do find ourselves up against a very stubborn problem here, but it is no solution to act as though only Protestants and those who agree with them should share in making school policy.

Roman Catholic views about natural law are sometimes offensive to Protestants, especially in the case of birth control, but on many issues Rome's natural-law teachings are a good corrective for a relativistic approach, to which Protestants adjust too easily. This is true of many matters of social justice and race relations, and it is true in most interesting ways of the informed Catholic statements about the issues related to nuclear bombs. Again, Protestants can learn much from the carefully developed Catholic teaching about the state and society. American Catholic social teaching shows the influence of American democratic experience and it can make a constructive contribution to American social thought.

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The Uneven, Rewarding Country of the Short Story

DON'T CALL ME BY MY RIGHT NAME. By James Purdy. William-Frederick Press. $2.50.
ABLE BAKER AND OTHERS. By Joseph Whitehill. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $3.75.

By ANTHONY BAILEY

IT IS PERHAPS significant of the state of fiction in this country that Mr. Whitehill has won an *Atlantic* "First" Award, two Ellery Queen's Awards, and an O. Henry Award for 1956, coming to us meantime with the blessings of Maxwell Geismar ("Whitehill is one of the brightest and freshest talents to appear recently, with fine gifts of perception and a natural prose style . . . the first *Able Baker* story is a knockout . . ."), whereas of two Purdy stories to appear previously, one came out in the *Black Mountain Review,* published in Majorca, and the other in *Creative Writing.* His book is *sans* blurb, *sans* dustjacket, accompanied only by the witty, tremulous drawings of the author.

When I first read Mr. Purdy's story, *Sound of Talking,* in the *Black Mountain Review* (Summer, 1955), I remember thinking that it was just this sort of thing, this kind of discovery, which vindicates all the "avant-garde" nonsense which is printed, all the mimeographed sheets of poems, all the little magazines that come and go. It is now a cliché to praise a writer for "treating words like a poet," in addition to being a rather absurd thing to say. And yet so few writers today do take such care that it comes as a shock to find someone like Purdy for whom each word obviously does have an interest and a value of its own. By that I don't mean that he writes in an ornate or mannered fashion. On the contrary the net result is lucid, strong and extraordinarily evocative. His prose has demotic rhythms; the lilt of natural, American speech; and the characters spring forth like crops from fertile soil. Their features appear to be inherent in the style, and the style at once justifies and contains them, though often, it seems, leaving them a perfectly human freedom or lack of freedom.

"In the morning Mrs. Farebrother would put her husband in the wheel chair and talk to him while she made breakfast. As breakfast time came to an end he would sink his thumb into the black cherry preserves or sometimes he would take out an old Roman coin he had picked up from the war in Italy and hold that tight. In the summertime it helped to watch the swallows flying around when the pain was intense in his legs, or to listen to a plane going far off, and then hear all sound stop. There was relief from the sound then that made you almost think your own pain had quit."

Thus the first paragraph of "Sound of Talking." The characters are seized immediately. There is the splendid image of the crippled man and the cherry preserves; the rhythm of that same sentence.

The people in Mr. Purdy's stories are all people on the *verge* of something. Like the characters in a Synge play they give the impression of being always about to be "destroyed." Yet the precipice, the tension, is within and of themselves: a woman whose six-months' experience of marriage has been condensed in the dislike she bears toward her husband's name; the Negro woman waiting for her son to return home although he has been dead seventeen years; the small boy hiding with a box of photographs of his dead father, whom he has never seen, protecting them from his mother who thinks that looking at them will distort him—an expression of her own distortion; man and wife fighting each other and their son over their son's freshly acquired beard. Mr. Purdy handles them so that, in his own words, they "spew out the heart of their grief."

Once or twice one gets a suspicion of immaturity: a story starts in one direction and is soon going in another. His range as yet is not wide; most stories involve some form of dialogue between two people. But it is a dialogue that goes deep. Indeed, one has the feeling that these are original, in the exact meaning of the word; no one else could have written them. I hope I am not overstating my enthusiasm when I say that after reading and rereading Mr. Purdy's book I have searched my memory in vain for a recent first book of short stories of equal stature and merit.

With Mr. Whitehill we are in another country altogether. This isn't meant disparagingly, for he is a very competent writer, and some of his stories are interesting enough, and in different ways. There are several tales (the word seems particularly appropriate) of a rather sentimental Chief Engineer on a cargo steamer; an attempt at creating terror (the "why" of it omitted, following Kafka) in a continental art gallery; another perhaps insufficiently motivated story of two men and a "madman" on a ski slope; a picaresque story of an electronics engineer applying for a job in a company town in the heart of Kansas. The style is adequate. Mr. Whitehill has been many things in his twenty-nine years and he conveys information neatly and unobtrusively. Yet, at the end, although he is readable and sometimes humorous, one doesn't really give much of a damn. One says "So what?" and turns back to Mr. Purdy. As I said before, he *is* a find.

PRIZE STORIES 1957: THE O. HENRY AWARDS. Edited by Paul Engle and Constance Urdang. Doubleday. $3.95.

By WILLIAM JAMES SMITH

THE SHORT-STORY anthologist's labors must be a brow-furrowing task. How is it possible to be completely honest in one's choice of the "best" or "prize"

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stories of the year and yet maintain a semblance of balance in putting together a book? It is obviously not a simple matter of selecting the twenty stories one happened to like best. And, almost as obviously, one cannot select eighteen of the twenty stories from the *New Yorker,* where the bulk of the year's best stories regularly appear. Nor can a personal predilection for the avant-garde or for science fiction or for the sociologically meaningful be over-indulged. And—worst of all!—what if no well-known names should turn up among the very best! This last contingency is most unlikely, fortunately. Inevitably, though, one must end up sighing, "Well, I don't like this very much, but it's obviously competent, and we do *need* a dog story." Perhaps a committee of wise men, or an Academy Awards system, or a popular ballot might make for a livelier or more interesting selection. Meantime we must depend upon the fallible and partial tastes of the individual editor.

Paul Engle, who has very competently been editing this O. Henry series for the last four years, is the head of the Writers' Workshop at the State University of Iowa. This may be a real handicap for Mr. Engle. The general rule in creative writing classes is not mere mediocrity, but an appalling atmosphere of incompetence, where mediocrity, or the faintest stab at originality, stands out in glowing colors. This may not be true at Iowa, which is the Athens of something-or-other. The stories in the present collection all deserve an "A" — with one heinous exception that crystallizes every sociological cliche of our times and was perhaps included for this reason. Most of the stories even deserve the notation "Excellent." And some deserved an earlier notation like "I'd try the *Atlantic* with this one. A little off-beat, but you never can tell." No one, incidentally, can accuse Mr. Engle of any shiftiness in his selections. He is unabashedly delighted with the work of Iowa alumni.

Mr. Engle's particular favorite in the University of Iowa stable is Miss Flannery O'Connor, who ran in 1954, took second place in 1955, and triumphantly noses the wire this year with a story entitled "Greenleaf." Miss O'Connor is very talented and depressing. Her stories are portentous with suggestions of deeper meanings. All those innuendoes must mean *something.*

On the other hand, the obscurity that may darken Miss O'Connor's pages does not carry over into the rest of the book. All the other stories are crystal clear, sometimes to their disadvantage. They are generally quite good (again with one notable exception) and few of them are more than that. Perhaps the nearest thing to a "prize" is John Cheever's "The Journal of an Old Gent." Unfortunately, Mr. Cheever won first prize last year with a story that was not as good—another of the anthologist's headaches. A number of the stories in the collection, as Mr. Engle points out in the preface, deal with the subject of racial tensions. In this category Betty Sunwall comes off best, though the ironies of the story of a Negro stu-

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dent returning to his Southern home are of the sledge-hammer variety.

The "names" in this year's collection include Jean Stafford, William Faulkner, Irwin Shaw, and Mary McCarthy. Miss McCarthy's story, by the way, is so nearly mellow, so far removed from her usual snarling manner, that it makes one fear for her health. She doesn't let you forget, though, that she has been sorely tried. The other "names" run true to form. Jean Stafford's lady is ill and refined and, to me, intolerable. Faulkner stretches his anecdote as far as it will go. Irwin Shaw is disappointed in love. Perhaps I know what is troubling me —all the way through the book I was wondering what happened to J. D. Salinger's "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters," which appeared in the *New Yorker* during the period covered by this volume. It didn't make the collection. Perhaps if Mr. Engle had included it, even among the also-rans, I wouldn't be carping at all.

Intrepid Monk

THE LAST OF THE CONQUISTADORS: JUNÍPERO SERRA. By Omer Englebert. Harcourt, Brace. $6.

By ELIZABETH BARTELME

IF THE SPANISH adventurers who marched through the Americas were noted less for their godliness than for their wildly successful conquests, there was at least one among them whose twin genius for holiness and government annexed for Spain perhaps the richest territory in the New World. This was Junípero Serra, a little Franciscan monk from Majorca, whose sole qualifications for the colonization of Upper California were a logical and practical mind, sharpened on syllogisms, and a consuming missionary zeal.

Omer Englebert has unfolded the story of this intrepid adventurer in a manner both loving and scholarly, bringing into full relief the small figure of the great-souled Serra. For if Junípero was only five feet two inches tall, with a bad limp that had developed from a scorpion bite, he was of incalculable spiritual stature among the officers and cuirassiers who made so much of his life miserable.

Offhand it would seem that a doctor of philosophy from the University of Parma had no place in a wilderness. But, as Père Englebert shows, Junípero's ability with the Indians was proved almost at once. Named Father Prefect of the missions, he succeeded by kindness and industry in taming the warlike Pames of the Sierra Gorda, a bloodthirsty tribe that the Spanish feared more than death itself. When he left the Sierra, eight years later, the Pames had been transformed into contented farmers and artisans, peaceful and prosperous.

His great adventure was still ahead. His dream of planting the Cross in Upper California was shared by his friend José de Galvez, the king's Visitor General. Père Englebert illuminates the vision of these two men by means of existing documents that describe their excitement, hopes and preparations. Galvez's enthusiasm was so high that he caulked his ship, the *San Carlos,* with his own hands.

When at last Father Serra set out on the long journey North, accompanied by the greatest of the Californian missionaries and by the last group of honest officers he was ever to work with, he could hardly contain himself. The entries from his *Journal,* many of which are included, are bursting with happiness. Everything attracted him—the flowers, the landscape, but most of all the Indians even when they appeared before him, "naked as Adam before the fall, and completely at ease in this costume."

Once established at Monterey, however, Father Serra encountered the first of a series of officers whose chief duty seemed to be his harassment. This first commandant was Pedro Fages whom Père Englebert describes as "one of those semi-brutes whom Spain made use of to put fear—and submission—into the hearts of the cannibals of the frontiers." Fages was eventually replaced by Fernando de Rivera whom the author characterizes as one who "had made friends for himself . . . while he was standing around doing nothing in Mexico City," and whom the author believes was more than a little mad.

But it was Felipe de Neve who almost undid all of Junípero's careful work. Neve attempted to remove the Indians from the protection of the missions by creating "parishes" where the Indians were responsible to the Spanish governor, or were themselves appointed *alcaldes.* This move resulted in the despoiling of

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the Indians by the soldiers, violation of the women and children, and eventually wholesale massacres. Neve was forced to abandon his plan, but continued to harass Junípero by attempting to block the exercise of his spiritual authority.

The incredible persecutions that Junípero endured from those who were sent to guard him lasted from the beginning of his missionary work until the day of his death. He was subjected to insults, lies, petty annoyances and, most serious of all, the refusal of the officers to carry out the work for which they had been sent—the establishment of the missions. The remarkable thing is that Father Serra was able to accomplish anything at all. Yet at his death the missions along the California coast, from San Diego to San Francisco, were not only established but flourishing. And while at that time their future seemed uncertain, they endured as a "communal republic" for fifty years, bringing wealth and comfort to the Indians, and realizing, according to Père Englebert, "once at least, thanks to the genius and saintliness of Father Junípero Serra . . . the Utopia of St. Thomas More."

Much of the charm of *The Last of the Conquistadors* lies in the documentary material that Père Englebert has used freely throughout. It is a fascinating experience to read, for example, the lively, strong-minded letters that Junípero addressed to his superiors, the governors of Mexico and to his enemies. He never hesitated to express emphatically what he felt was best for his "dear Indians," whom he spoke of lovingly as "indiscreet" rather than bloodthirsty. Flashes of wit light up his correspondence, as indeed they do the whole book, for Père Englebert is a past master at the ironic thrust and makes the most of it in laying about him at Junípero's persecutors.

Occasionally the author's creative impulse overcomes his scrupulous scholarship as when he composes an imaginary letter that Junípero (if he had been a different person) might have written to his superior when he was humiliated by the deprivation of his authority. Père Englebert is also pretty hard on the Dominican missionaries, but he balances it with a good many cutting remarks about a number of the Franciscans as well.

These small criticisms, however, in no way detract from the book as an excellent historical recapitulation and as a moving biography of an uncanonized saint — one, incidentially, whose statue stands in Washington as a "Founding Father of California."

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Myth into Novel

TILL WE HAVE FACES. By C. S. Lewis. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

SOME YEARS ago C. S. Lewis's devil, Screwtape, wrote to a subordinate on duty at the earth above: "Thanks to processes which we set at work in them [human beings] centuries ago, they find it all but impossible to believe in the unfamiliar while the familiar is before their eyes. Keep pressing home on him the *ordinariness* of things." The woman who tells again in this book the legend of Cupid and Psyche had great sympathy for such deviltry.

That woman is Orual, Psyche's oldest sister. Just as Psyche, because of her unique beauty, is courted by no man, so no one courts Orual thanks to her unique ugliness. From the first page it is clear that *Till We Have Faces* is not just another rendering of the Cupid and Pysche myth. We have left the world of myth for the world of the novel. The ordinariness of things, the common feelings of common life: eating and drinking, a king's anger, gossip, human pettiness, human generosity and, of course, the clash of ideologies and maneuvers of politics. The kingdom is called Glome and the goddess whom the Greeks worship as Aphrodite rules here as Ungit. Her house is dark and she herself is a stone whose face is avid for the blood of beasts and men. This, too, is ordinary. Psyche's birth is a catastrophe since the King had hoped for a son. Despite the child's beauty, famine afflicts the land, followed by pestilence and drought. Ungit, through her Priest, demands that Psyche be sacrificed on the mountain to the Shadowbrute. As in the myth, Psyche is wafted to the valley by the west wind where she becomes the bride of Cupid. Here Mr. Lewis changes the myth: the palace that Psyche inhabits is, in his version, invisible to mortal eyes. Or almost. Orual sees it once, in a vision, and knows not whether to believe her ordinary eyes or those given her only for a moment by the gods. She chooses the ordinary. And so, quite

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as effectively as in Apuleius, she condemns Psyche to exile.

It is at this point, in the middle of the book, that Mr. Lewis is most the novelist. Orual returns to the palace in Glome, succeeds to her father's throne and becomes an efficient judge and administrator. Schooled in Greek rationalism by her tutor, she lessens the influence of the gods so much that the new priest is persuaded to import a less hideous image of Ungit. For reasons of state and vanity, the Queen dons a veil and as the years go by much of the fear and awe formerly given to Ungit is directed to the Queen. There are stories of her beauty and there are stories that she has no face at all. "What the temple loses in mystery, the State gains." Until at last—it happened right in front of us but we didn't see it—the Queen becomes Ungit, Maia, as Psyche used to call her, the earth goddess.

Having written the first part of her book as a complaint against the gods, the Queen is made to recognize the sacrifices, human sacrifices, that she has demanded. Her memory, which she had exercised against the gods, is now a tyrant that compels her to see in her long reign only another pilgrimage, a journey into pain quite like that suffered by Psyche in the myth. Terror and joy intermingle. Distinctions of thought fail to define. Orual is reunited with Psyche and, as the air grows brighter, as the pillars at the far side of the pool in the vision flush with the approach of the Judge, Orual sees, reflected in the pool, two Psyches. "'You also are Psyche,' came a great voice."

This is not allegory; call it symbolism and forsake quibbling. "Things as they are/Are changed upon the blue guitar." When a modern takes a myth seriously some bonds must be broken. And yet Mr. Lewis is never capricious. One may not protest the existence of gods when the gods are there to begin with. In his *Allegory of Love,* Mr. Lewis calls our attention to Augustine's astonishment when he came upon St. Ambrose reading a book without moving his lips. The immediate relationship of thought to speech was breaking down. The first reaction was allegory. That is no longer adequate. If we are to create, or recreate, the myths we must admit within ourselves all those contradictions and complexities which the ancients transported to Olympus. They are content to call the poets liars and go on enjoying, and believing, the lies. We have at least agreed on this: there is one God or none at all. Consciously, Oedipus did not know that he was killing his father and marrying his mother. That sort of innocence is impossible to us. What we will, we do not and know that we don't; what we do not will, that we do, and we know that too.

The virtue of C. S. Lewis's version is its modernity: dense and intricate, the tale moves to its conclusion weighted with the semi-willful perversion of a woman who wants to suffer only so long as the suffering is unjust. There is nothing false in this tale; the imagination is thorough and compelling.

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Then and Now

The Papacy in modern times has been deeply concerned over the preservation of world peace. As instruments toward such an end Benedict XV and Pius XII have given support respectively to the League and the United Nations.

There exist several very well-established instrumentalities by which the endeavor of pacification can be developed. The first is undoubtedly the League of Nations. Though it has not yet fulfilled the promise made and even guaranteed by the Treaty of Versailles to establish universal limitation of armament, it has accomplished a great deal of preliminary labor. Its reports constitute a lucid analysis of the situation, and the treaties which it has underwritten are patently not negligible advances toward pacification. Of course one would be mistaken in attributing finality to any of these things. They are steps on a road which must lead to the two things stressed by Benedict XV—disarmament and free trade—if we are really to have peace.

It is astonishing how little attention the United States has given to the work of the League. Although we are, perhaps, right in maintaining isolation from Geneva, one would expect citizens to take at least a cursory interest in so busy and important an institution. Very likely the explanation is our confidence in the people's ability to restrain the government from entertaining dreams of military expansion. . . . This democratic power is a very real thing; and the more it develops everywhere, the less comprehensive will military preparedness become.

The democratic mood in which most of the world now finds itself, can be a real force for international amity provided it remains alert to the need for constant action and is not swept away by sudden fierce and vindictive enthusiasms. Unfortunately this provision is not automatic. Unflagging moral effort to arouse and guide democracy, to keep aloft the standard of peace, remains essential. No such effort ought to be abandoned, if it is not altogether foolishly rhapsodical. In so far as Catholics are concerned, the Papacy has spoken so clearly regarding the matter that there ought to be no question either as to what must be done or as to the urgent necessity for doing it.

—The Commonweal, August 10, 1927

In the Pope's view the peoples of the peace-loving nations are threatened both from within and without. The failure of the "second technological revolution" to produce the plenty and security which its enthusiasts had promised brought about a "painful contradiction" which breeds a new and widespread sense of fear and insecurity. The error at the base of all this is a secularism which proclaims man's self-sufficiency and an attempt to create a society which fails to take into sufficient account man's free will and the religion "which this liberty fosters and approves."

These peoples are, moreover, threatened from without by "an enemy determined to impose on all peoples, in one way or another, a special and intolerable way of life." Peace under these circumstances requires of nations that they exercise their legitimate rights of self-defense (but hardly that they resort to preventive war, as *Pravda* so rudely alleges). It means that ways must be found to restore Europe's solidarity. It places great responsibilities upon the United States.

The UN, for one thing, should develop an adequate international police force capable of affording protection to any nation whose integrity is threatened. Pope Pius also maintains that any of the United Nations which refuse to permit UN observers to enter their territory should be denied "the exercise of their rights as members of this organization." Disarmament, which is so greatly to be desired, can come about only through a greatly strengthened UN able to inspect and supervise the necessary steps . . . The obstacles are many and the ways of overcoming them are difficult and complex. But the unwavering objective, the Christian objective, of all these measures is peace—peace, which Pope Pius describes as "free man's most valuable possession, this life's inestimable treasure, the fruit of men's effort, but also a precious gift of God."

—The Commonweal, January 11, 1957

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